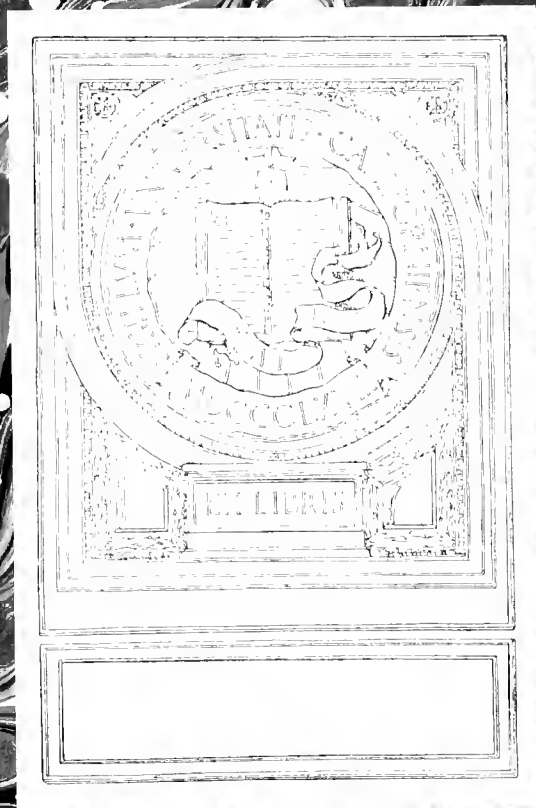
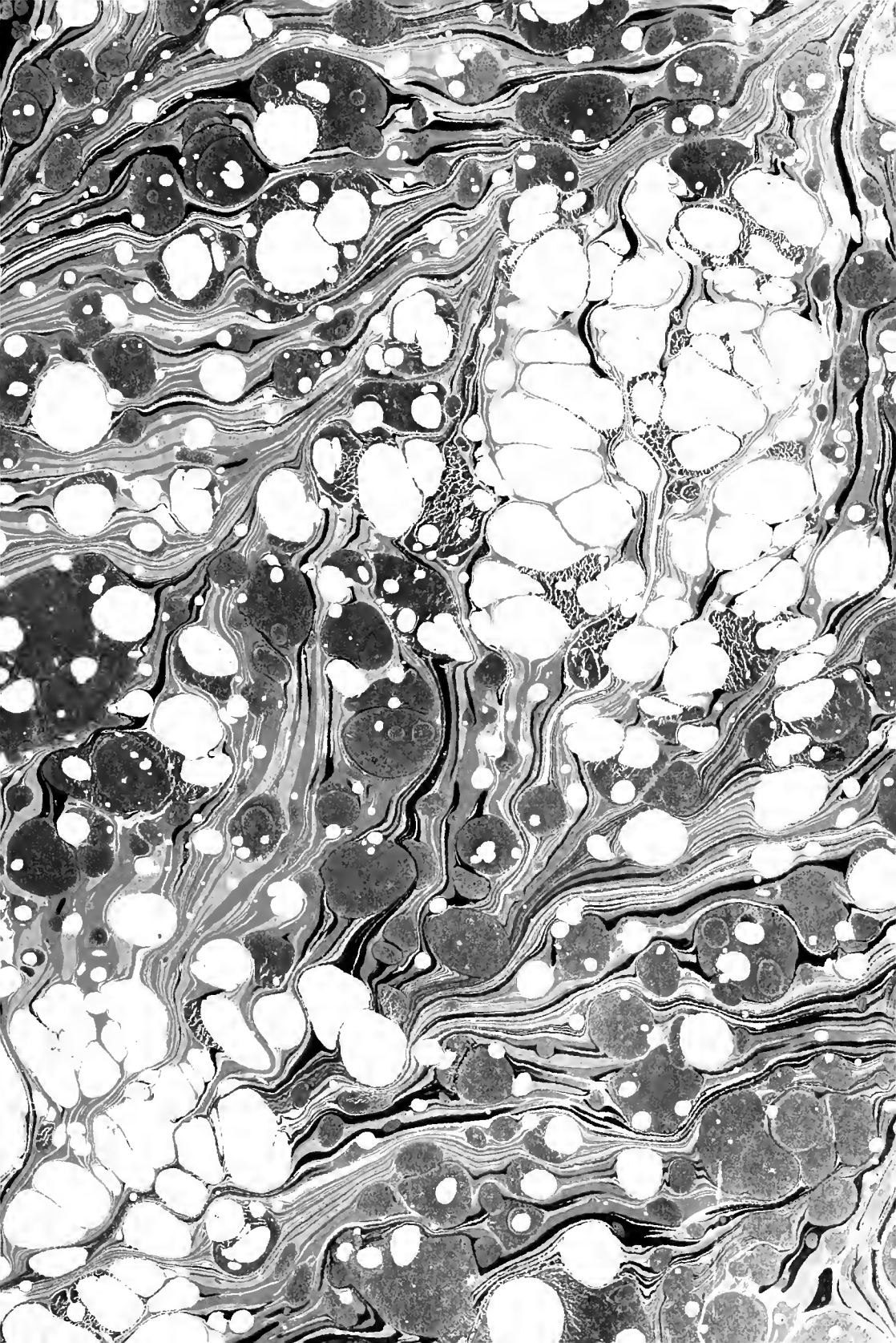


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P O E M S
BY
THOMAS HOOD.

ILLUSTRATED BY
BIRKET FOSTER.



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Hymn to the Sun.



EVER of glowing light '
Though but a god of other days,
The kings and sages
Of wiser ages
Still live and gladden in thy genial rays !

King of the tuneful lyre,
Still poets' hymns to thee belong
Though lips are cold
Whereon of old
Thy beams all turn'd to worshipping and song '

Lord of the dreadful bow,
None triumph now for Python's death ;
But thou dost save
From hungry grave
The life that hangs upon a summer breath.

Father of rosy day,
No more thy clouds of incense rise,
 But waking fow'rs
 At morning hours,
Give out their sweets to meet thee in the skies

God of the Delphic fane,
No more thou listenest to hymns sublime,
 But they will leave
 On winds at eve,
A solemn echo to the end of time.







Sonnet.

ON RECEIVING A GIFT.

LOOK how the golden ocean shines above
Its pebbly stones, and magnifies their girth
So does the bright and blessed light of Love
Its own things glorify, and raise their worth.
As weeds seem flowers beneath the flattering brine,
And stones like gems, and gems as gems indeed,
Ev'n so our tokens shine ; nay, they outshine
Pebbles and pearls, and gems and coral weed ;
For where be ocean waves but half so clear,
So calmly constant, and so kindly warm,
As Love's most mild and glowing atmosphere,
That hath no dregs to be upturn'd by storm ?
Thus, sweet, thy gracious gifts are gifts of price,
And more than gold to doting Avarice.





The Mary.

A SEASIDE SKETCH.

LOVST thou not, Alice, with the early tide
To see the hardy Fisher hoist his mast,
And stretch his sail towards the ocean wide, —
Like God's own headsmen going forth to cast
His net into the deep, which doth provide
Enormous bounties, hidden in its vast
Bosom like Charity's, for all who seek
And take its gracious boon thankful and meek?

The sea is bright with morning, — but the dark
Seems still to linger on his broad black sail,
For it is early hoisted, like a mark
For the low sun to shoot at with his pale
And level beams: All round the shadowy bark
The green wave glimmers, and the gentle gale
Swells in her canvas, till the waters show
The keel's new speed, and whiten at the bow



Then look abatt (for thou canst under taid
That phrase) — and there he sitteth at the stern,
Grasping the tiller in his broad brown hand,
The hardy Fisherman. Thou mayst discern
Ten fathoms off the wrinkles in the tann'd
And honest countenance that he will turn
To look upon us, with a quiet gaze—
As we are passing on our several ways.

So, some ten days ago, on such a morn,
The Mary, like a seamew, sought her sport
Amongst the finny race: 'twas when the corn
Woo'd the sharp sickle, and the golden tool
Summon'd all rustic hands to fill the horn
Of Ceres to the brim, that brave turmoil
Was at the prime, and Woodgate went to reap
His harvest too, upon the broad blue deep.

His mast was up, his anchor heaved aboard,
His mainsail stretching in the first gray gleams
Of morning, for the wind. Ben's eye was stored
With fishes—fishes swam in all his dreams,
And all the goodly cast seem'd but a herd
Of silvery fishes, that in shoals and streams
Groped into the deep dusk that fill'd the sky,
For him to catch in meshes of his eye.

For Ben had the true sailor's sanguine heart
And saw the future with a boy's brave thought;
No doubts, nor faint misgivings had a part
In his bright visions—ay, before he caught
His fish he sold them in the scaly mart,
And summ'd the net precisely. This should have brought
Despair upon him when his hopes were fail'd,
But though one crop was marr'd, again he sowed

And sow'd his seed afresh. — Many foul blights
Perish'd his hardwon gains— yet he had plann'd
No schemes of too extravagant delights—
No goodly houses on the Goodwin sand—
But a small humble home, and loving night,
Such as his honest heart and earnest hand
Might fairly purchase. Were these hopes too airy
Such as they were, they rested on thee, Mary

She was the prize of many a toilsome year,
And hardwon wages, on the perilous sea
Of savings ever since the shipboy's tear
Was shed for home, that lay beyond the lee,
She was purveyor for his other dear
Mary, and for the infant yet to be
Fruit of their married loves. Thee he made him dot
Upon the lonely beauties of his boat,

Whose pitch black hull roll'd darkly on the wave
No gayer than one single stripe of blue
Could make her swarthy sides. She seem'd a slave
A negro among boats—that only knew
Hardship and rugged toil—no pennons brave
Flaunted upon the mast—but oft a few
Dark dripping jackets flutter'd to the air,
Ensigns of hardihood and toilsome care.

And when she ventured for the deep, she spread
A tawny sail against the sunbright sky,
Dark as a cloud that journeys overhead—
But then those tawny wings were stretch'd to fly
Across the wide sea desert for the bread
Of babes and mothers—many an anxious eye
Dwelt on her course, and many a fervent pray'r
Invoked the heavens to protect and spare.

Where is she now? The secrets of the deep
Are dark and hidden from the human ken;
Only the sea-bird saw the surges sweep
Over the bark of the devoted Ben,
Meanwhile a widow sobs, and orphans weep,
And sighs are heard from weatherbeaten men,
Dark sunburnt men, uncouth and rude and hairy,
While loungers idly ask, "Where is the Mary?"



Bianca's Dream.

A VENETIAN STORY.

BIANCA!—fair Bianca!—who could dwell
With safety on her dark and hazel gaze,
Nor find there lurk'd in it a witching spell.
Fatal to balmy nights and blessed days?
The peaceful breath that made the bosom swell,
She turn'd to gas, and set it in a blaze;
Each eye of hers had Love's Eupyrion in it,
That he could light his link at in a minute.

So that, wherever in her charms she shone,
A thousand breasts were kindled into flame;
Maidens who cursed her looks forgot their own,
And beaux were turned to flambeaux where she came
All hearts indeed were conquered but her own,
Which none could ever temper down or tame
In short, to take our haberdasher's hints,
She might have written over it, "From Flints

She was, in truth, the wonder of her sex,

At least in Venice—where with eyes of brown
Tenderly languid, ladies seldom vex

An amorous gentle with a needless frown ;
Where gondolas convey guitars by pecks.

And Love at casements climbeth up and down,
Whom for his tricks and custom in that kind,
Some have considered a Venetian blind.

Howbeit, this difference was quickly taught,

Amongst more youths who had this cruel jailor,
To hapless Julio—all in vain he sought

With each new moon his hatter and his tailor ;
In vain the richest padusoy he bought,

And went in bran new beaver to assail her —
As if to show that Love had made him *smart*;
All over—and not merely round his heart.

In vain he labour'd thro' the sylvan park

Bianca haunted in—that where she came,
Her learned eyes in wandering might mark

The twisted cypher of her maiden name,
Wholesomely going thro' a course of bark

No one was touch'd or troubled by his flame,
Except the Dryads, those old maids that grow
In trees,—like wooden dolls in embryo.

In vain complaining elegies he writ,
And taught his tattered instrument to grieve,
And sang in quavers how his heart was split,
Constant beneath her lattice with each eye,
She mocked his wailing with her wicked wit,
And dashed his sentiment that it matched his sleeve,
Till he grew silent at the velvet star,
And quite despairing hamstring'd his guitar.

Bianca's heart was coldly frosted o'er
With snows unmelted, — an eternal sheet,
But his was red within him, like the core
Of old Vesuvius, with perpetual heat,
And out he long'd internally to pour
His flames and glowing lava at her feet,
But when his burnings he began to spout,
She stopped his mouth,—and put the *critic* out.

Meanwhile he wasted in the eyes of men,
So thin, he seem'd a sort of skeleton key,
Slept like a death's door — so pale — and then
He trem'd as nervous as an aspen tree;
The life of man is three score years and ten,
But he was perishing at twenty-three,
For people truly said, as *poet* grew stronger,
"It could not shorten life — or life — much longer."

For why, he neither slept, nor drank, nor fed,
 Nor relish'd any kind of mirth below,
 Fire in his heart, and frenzy in his head,
 Love had become his universal foe,
 Salt in his sugar — nightmare in his bed ;
 At last, no wonder wretched Julio,
 O sorrow-ridden thing, in utter dearth
 Of hope, — made up his mind to cut her "jath"

For hapless lovers always died of old,
 Sooner than chew reflection's bitter end ;
 So Thisbe stuck herself, what time 'tis told,
 The tender-hearted mulberries wept blood ;
 And so poor Sappho, when her boy was cold,
 Drown'd her salt tear-drops in a saltier flood,
 Their fame still breathing, tho' their death be past,
 For those old *sailors* lived beyond their last.

So Julio went to drown, — when life was dull,
 But took his corks, and merely had a bath ;
 And once, he pull'd a trigger at his skull,
 But merely broke a window in his wrath ;
 And once, his hopeless being to annul,
 He tied a pack-thread to a beam of lath —
 A line so ample, 'twas a query whether
 'Twas meant to be a halter or a tether.

Smile not in scorn, that Juko did not turn
His sorrows through his eyes so horrible to do,
And come down with our little all of dust,
That Dun of all the duns to satisfy ;
To leave life's pleasant city as we must,
In Death's most dreary spunging house to lie,
Where even all our personals must go
To pay the debt of Nature that we owe !

So Juko lived — 'twas nothing but a pet
He took at life — a momentary spite ;
Be-ides, he hoped that Time would some day get
The better of Love's flame, however bright,
A thing that Time has never compass'd yet,
For Love, we know, is an immortal light,
Like that old fire, that, quite beyond a doubt,
Was always on, — for none have found it out.

Meanwhile, Bianca dream'd — 'twas once when she
Along the dance'd path began to creep,
Like a young Hettentot, whose eyes are so
Aith' in skin as softy as a weep,
The flowers had shut their eyes — the blossoms
Was gone, for it had reek'd the leaves to rot,
And all the little birds had hid their feet
Under their wings, — keeping in heat the hot

A black and white illustration of a narrow street in a city. On the right, a tall, ornate building with many windows and a decorative facade stands prominently. A person is walking away from the viewer on the right side of the street. In the center, a stone bridge arches over a canal. The street is paved with cobblestones, and the overall atmosphere is that of a historical or literary scene.

Lone in her chamber sate the dark-eyed maid,
 By easy stages jaunting through her prayers,
 But list'ning side long to a serenade,
 That robb'd the saints a little of their shares :
 For Julio underneath the lattice play'd
 His *Deh Vieni*, and such amorous airs,
 Born only underneath Italian skies,
 Where every fiddle has a Bridge of Sighs.

Sweet was the tune—the words were even sweeter,
 Praising her eyes, her lips, her nose, her hair,
 With all the common tropes wherewith in metre
 The hackney poets "overcharge their fair."
 Her shape was like Diana's, but completer ;
 Her brow with Grecian Helen's might compare ;
 Cupid, alas ! was cruel Sagittarius,
 Julio—the weeping water-man Aquarius.

Now, after listing to such lauding rare,
 'Twas very natural indeed to go
 What if she did postpone one little prayer—
 To ask her mirror "if it was not so ?"
 'Twas a large mirror, none the worse for wear,
 Reflecting her at once from top to toe ;
 And there she gazed upon that glossy track
 That show'd her front face though it "gave her back

And long her lovely eyes were held in thrall.

By that dear page where first the woman read,
That Julio was no flatterer, none at all,

She told herself—and then she told her lead!
Meanwhile, the nerves insensibly let fall

Two curtains fairer than the lily breeze,
For sleep had crept and kiss'd her unaware,
Just at the half-way milestone of her pray:

Then like a drooping rose so bended she,

Till her bow'd head up on her hand reposed,
But still she plainly saw, or seem'd to see,

That fair reflection, tho' her eyes were closed,
A beauty bright as it was wont to be,

A portrait Fancy painted while she doze'd:
'Tis very natural, some people say,
To dream of what we dwell on in the day.

Still shone her face—yet not, alas! the same,

But 'gan some dreary touches to assume,
And sadder thoughts, with sadder change, came.

Her eyes resign'd their light, her lips their bloom,
Her teeth fell out, her tresses did the same,

Her cheeks were tinged with bile, her eyes with tears,
There was a throbbing at her heart with pain,
For, oh! there was a shooting in her chest.

And lo! upon her sad desponding brow,

The cruel trenches of besieging age,
With seams, but most unseemly, 'gan to show

Her place was looking for the seventh star,
And where her raven tresses used to flow,

Some locks that Time had left her in his rage,
And some mock ringlets, made her forehead shady,
A compound (like our Psalms) of *Tide* and *Braidy*:

Then for her shape—alas! how Saturn wrecks,

And bends, and corkscrews all the frame about,
Doubles the hams, and crooks the straightest neck.

Draws in the nape, and pushes forth the snout,
Makes backs and stomachs concave or convex:

Witness those pensioners call'd *In and Out*,
Who all day watching first and second rater,
Quantily unbend themselves—but grow no *straiter*:

So Time with fair Bianca dealt, and made

Her shape a bow, that once was like an arrow
His iron hand upon her spine he laid,

And twisted all awry her "winsome marrow,"
In truth it was a change!—she had obey'd

The holy Pope before her chest grew narrow,
But spectacles and palsy seem'd to make her
Something between a *Glassite* and a *Quaker*.

Her grief and pail meanwhile were quite extreme,
And she had ample reason for her trouble,
For what sad maiden can endure to seem
Set in tor singleness, though growing dull;
The fancy madden'd her; but now the dream,
Grown vain by getting bigger, like a bubble,
Burst, — but still left some fragments of its size,
That like the soapbuds, smarted in her eyes.

And here — just here — as she began to heed
The real world, her clock chimed out its score,
A clock it was of the Venetian breed,
That cried the hour from one to twenty-four,
The works moreover standing in some need
Of workmanship, it struck some dozen more,
A warning voice that clenched Bianca's teeth,
Such strokes referring doubtless to her years.

At fifteen chimes she was but half a nun,
By twenty she had quite repurposed the veil,
She thought of Juliet at twenty-one,
And thirty made her very old and pale,
To point that man were her claims would be,
At forty all the maid he sought to be,
And then, let me be honest, the life of a nun,
Or single life, or else — that name I shun.



And so Bianca changed ; the next sweet even,

With Julio in a black Venetian bark,
Row'd slow and stealthily — the hour, eleven,

Just sounding from the tower of old St. Mark
She sate with eyes turn'd quietly to heav'n,

Perchance rejoicing in the grateful dark
That veil'd her blushing cheek, — for Julio braved her
Of course, to break the ice upon the water.

But what a puzzle is one's serious mind

To open : — oysters, when the ice is thick,
Are not so difficult and disinclined ;

And Julio felt the declaration stick
About his throat in a most awful kind.

However, he contrived by bits to pick
His trouble forth, — much like a rotten cork
Groped from a long neck'd bottle with a fork.

But love is still the quickest of all readers.

And Julio spent besides those signs profuse,
That English telegraphs and foreign pleaders,

In help of language are so apt to use :
Arms, shoulders, fingers, all were interceders,

Nods, shrugs, and bends, — Bianca could not choose
But soften to his suit with more facility,
He told his story with so much agility.

"Be thou my park, and I will be thy deer;
 (So he began at last to speak of quite)
 "Be thou my lark, and I thy girdle-her,
 (For passion takes this figurative note)
 "Be thou my light, and I thy chandelier,
 Be thou my dove, and I will be thy mate
 My lily-leaf, and I will be thy river;
 Be thou my life—and I will be thy liver.

Thus, with more tender logic of the kind,
 He pour'd into her small and shell-like ear,
 That timidly against his lips incline'd;
 Meanwhile her eye glanced on the silver—*lure*
 That even now began to steal behind
 A dewy vapour, which was hovering near,
 Wherein the dull moon crept all the while hid
 Just like a virgin putting on the veil.

Bidding adieu to all her parting tears,
 That erst had wept and wept *the* *time* of
 Saturn and Hejeras and Lullatt Mar,
 Never to flit with heavenly eyes away,
 Meanwhile, remain'd at the convent bar;
 Blanca did not watch those eyes on yonder
 But turn'd to Julio at the dark eclipse,
 With words, like verbal kisses, on her lip.

He took the hint full speedily, and back'd
 By love, and night, and the occasion'—
 Bestow'd a something on her cheek that mark'd
 (Though quite in silence) of ambrosial sweets;
 That made her think all other kisses laid
 Till then, but what she knew not, of complete
 Being used but sisterly salutes to feel,
 Insipid things—like sandwiches of veal.

He took her hand, and soon she felt him wrap,
 The pretty fingers all instead of one;
 Anon his stealthy arm began to cling
 About her waist that had been clasp'd by none;
 Their dear confessions I forbear to sing,
 Since cold description would but be outrun;
 For bliss and Irish watches have the power,
 In twenty minutes, to lose half an hour.





Ode to RAE Wilson, Esq.



WANDERER, Wilson, from my native land,
Remite, O Rae, from godliness and thee,
Where rolls between us the eternal sea,
Besides some furlongs of a foreign sand,
Beyond the broadest Scotch of London Wall,
Beyond the loudest Saint that has a call;
Across the wavy waste between us stretch'd,
A friendly missive warns me of a stricture,
Wherein my likeness you have darkly etch'd,
And though I have not seen the shadow sketch'd,
Thus I remark prophetic on the picture.

I guess the features:—in a line to paint
Their moral ugliness, I'm not a saint.
Not one of those self-constituted saints,
Quacks—not physicians—in the cure of souls,
Censors who sniff out mortal taints,
And call the devil over his own coals—

Those pseudo Privy Counsellors of God,
Who write down judgment with a pen, and hand
Ushers of Beelzebub's Black Rod,
Commending sinners, not to ice thick nibbed,
But endless flames, to scorch them up like flax,
Yet sure of heav'n themselves, as if they'd earned
Th' impression of St. Peter's keys in wax!

Of such a character no single trace
Exist, I know, in my fictitious face,
There wants a certain cast about the eye,
A certain lifting of the nose's tip;
A certain curling of the nether lip,
In scorn of all that is, beneath the sky,
In brief it is an aspect deleterious,
A face decidedly not serious,
A face profane, that would not do at all
To make a face at Exeter Hall, —
That Hall where begots rant, and cant, and pray,
And laud each other face to face,
Fill ev'ry tithing-candle rag
Conceives itself a great gas-light of grace.

Well! — be the graceless lineaments confest!
I do enjoy this bounteous beauteous earth;
And dote upon a jest

I've no ambition to enact the spy
 On fellow souls, a Spiritual Pry -
 'Tis said that people ought to guard their nose
 Who thrust them into matters none of theirs ;
 And tho' no delicacy discomposes
 Your Saint, yet I consider faith and pray'rs
 Amongst the privatest of men's affairs.

I do not hash the Gospel in my books,
 And thus upon the public mind intrude it,
 As if I thought, like Odaheitan cooks,
 No food was fit to eat till I had chew'd it.
 On Bible stilts I don't affect to stalk ;
 Nor lard with Scripture my familiar talk,—
 For man may pious texts repeat,
 And yet religion have no inward seat ;
 'Tis not so plain as the old Hill of Howth,
 A man has got his belly full of meat
 Because he talks with victuals in his mouth !
 Mere verbiage, — it is not worth a carrot !
 Why, Socrates—or Plato—where's the odds ?—
 Once taught a jay to supplicate the Gods,
 And made a Polly-theist of a Parrot !

A mere professor, spite of all his cant, is
 Not a whit better than a Mantis, —

An insect, of what clime I can't determine,
That lifts its paws most jargon like, and thence
By simple savages thro' sheer pretence
Is reck'n'd quite a saint amongst the vermin.

But where's the reverence, or where the awe,
To ride on one's religion thro' the lobby,
Whether a stalking-horse or hobby,
To show its pious paces to "the House?"

I honestly confess that I would hinder
The Scottish member's legislative rigs,
That spiritual hinder,
Who looks on erring souls as straying pigs,
That must be lash'd by law, wherever found,
And driven to church, as to the parish pound.
I do confess, without reserve or wheedle,
I view that grovelling idea as one
Worthy some parish clerk's and itiers son
A charity boy, who longs to be a headle

On such a vital topic sure 'tis odd
How much a man can differ from his next door;
One wishes worship freely giv'n to God,
Another wants to make it statute law.

The broad distinction in a line to draw,
 As means to lead us to the skies above,
 You say — Sir Andrew and his love of Law,
 And I — the Saviour with his law of love.

Spontaneously to God should tend the soul,
 Like the magnetic needle to the Pole ;
 But what were that intrinsic virtue worth,
 Suppose some fellow, with more zeal than knowledge,
 Fresh from St. Andrew's College,
 Should nail the conscious needle to the north ?

I do confess that I abhor and shrink
 From schemes, with a religious willy-nilly,
 That frown upon St. Giles's sins, but blink
 The peccadilloes of all Peccadilly —
 My soul revolts at such a bare hypocrisy,
 And will not, dare not, fancy in accord
 The Lord of Hosts with an Exclusive Lord
 Of this world's aristocracy,
 It will not own a notion so unholy,
 As thinking that the rich by easy trips
 May go to heav'n, whereas the poor and lowly
 Must work their passage as they do in ships.

One place there is —beneath the burial —d
 Where all mankind are equalised by death ;
 Another place there is —the Pave of God,
 Where all are equal, who draw living breath,
 Juggle who will *elsewhere* with his own soul,
 Playing the Judas with a temporal dole
 He who can come beneath that awful cope,
 In the dread presence of a Maker just,
 Who metes to ev'ry pinch of human dust
 One even measure of immortal hope —
 He who can stand within that holy door,
 With soul unbow'd by that pure spirit-level,
 And frame unequal laws for rich and poor, —
 Might sit for Hell and represent the Devil !

Such are the solemn sentiments, O Rae,
 In your last Journey-Work, perchance you ravaled,
 Seeming, but in more courtly terms, to say
 I'm but a hee-bee's, cree-dlee's, godless savage ;
 A very Gay, deserving fire and faggots, —
 A Scouter, always on the grin,
 And sally given to the mortal sin
 Of liking Mawworms less than merry maggots !

The humble records of my life to search,
 I have not herded with mere pagan beasts

100



But sometimes I have "sat at good men's feasts,"
And I have been "where bells have knoll'd to
church."

Dear bells! how sweet the sounds of village
bells

When on the undulating air they swim!
Now loud as welcomes! faint, now, as farewells!
And trembling all about the breezy dells
As flutter'd by the wings of Cherubim.
Meanwhile the bees are chanting a low hymn;
And lost to sight th' ecstatic lark above
Sings, like a soul beatified, of love,—
With, now and then, the coo of the wild pigeon;—
O Pagans, Heathens, Infidels and Doubters!
If such sweet sounds can't woo you to religion,
Will the harsh voices of church cads and touters?

A man may cry "Church! Church!" at ev'ry
word,

With no more piety than other people—
A daw's not reckon'd a religious bird
Because it keeps a cawing from a steeple.
The Temple is a good, a holy place,
But quacking only gives it an ill savour.
While saintly mountebanks the porch disgrace,
And bring religion's self into disfavour!

Behold yon servitor of God and Mammón,
 Who, binding up his Bible with his Ledger,
 Blends Gospel texts with trading gammon,
 A Hack-leg saint, a spiritual hedger,
 Who backs his rigid Sabboth, so to speak,
 Against the wicked remnant of the week,
 A saying bet against his sinful bias
 "Rogue that I am," he whispers to himself,
 "Lie—I cheat—do anything for self,
 But who on earth can say I am not pious?"

In proof how over-righteousness react,
 Accept an anecdote well based on facts.
 One Sunday morning—at the day don't fret
 In riding with a friend to Pender's End
 Outside the stage we happened to commend
 A certain mansion that we saw To Let.
 "Ay," cried our coachman, with our talk to greet—
 "You're right! no house along the road com's a better
 let."
 'Twas built by the same man as last year's chapel,
 And master wanted once to buy it,
 But t'other dry the bargain much too hard
 He ax'd surety a saint purdigious!
 But being so particular religious,
 Why, *that*, you see, put master on his guard

Church is "a little heav'n below,
I have been there and still would go," —
Yet I am none of those who think it odd
A man can pray unbidden from the cassock,
And, passing by the customary hassock,
Kneel down remote upon the simple sod,
And sue *in forma pauperis* to God.

As for the rest, intolerant to none,
Whatever shape the pious rite may bear,
Ev'n the poor Pagan's homage to the Sun
I would not harshly scorn, lest even there
I spurn'd some elements of Christian pray'r
An aim, tho' erring, at a "world ayont" —
Acknowledgment of good — of man's futility
A sense of need, and weakness, and indeed
That very thing so many Christians want —

Humility.

Such, unto Papists, Jews, or turban'd Turks,
Such is my spirit — (I don't mean my wrath!)
Such, may it please you, is my humble faith.
I know, full well, you do not like my *works*!
I have not sought, 'tis true, the Holy Land,
As full of texts as Cuddie Headrigg's mother,
The Bible in one hand,

And my own common-place-book in the other—
But you have been to Palestine—alas !
Some minds improve by travel, others, rather,
 Resemble copper wire, or brass,
Which gets the narrower by going farther !
Worthless are all such pilgrimages—very !
If Palmers at the Holy Tomb contrive
The human heats and rancour to revive
That at the Sepulchre they ought to bury,
A sorry sight it is to rest the eye on,
To see a Christian creature graze at Sion,
Then homeward, of the saintly pasture full,
Rush bellowing, and breathing fire and smoke,
At crippled Papistry to butt and poke,
Exactly as a skittish Scottish bull
Hunts an old woman in a scarlet cloak !

Why leave a serious, moral, pious home,
Scotland, renown'd for sanctity of old,
Far distant Catholics to rate and scold
For—doing as the Romans do at Rome ?
With such a bristling spirit wherefore quit
The Land of Cakes for any land of wafers,
About the graceless images to flit,
And buzz and chafe importunate as chafers.

Longing to carve the carvers to Scotch collops?
 People who hold such absolute opinions
 Should stay at home, in Protestant dominions,
 Not travel like male Mrs. Trollopes.

 Gifted with noble tendency to climb,
 Yet weak at the same time,
 Faith is a kind of parasitic plant,
 That grasps the nearest stem with tendril-rings;
 And as the climate and the soil may grant,
 So is the sort of tree to which it clings.
 Consider then, before, like Hurlóthrumbo,
 You aim your club at any creed on earth,
 That, by the simple accident of birth,
 You might have been High Priest to Mumbo Jumbo.

For me—thro' heathen ignorance perchance,
 Nor having knelt in Palestine,—I feel
 None of that griffinish excess of zeal,
 Some travellers would blaze with here in France,
 Dolls I can see in Virgin-like array,
 Nor for a scuffle with the idols hanker
 Like crazy Quixote at the puppets' play.
 If their "offence be rank," should mine be *rancant*?
 Mild light, and by degrees, should be the plan

To cure the dark and erring mind;
 But who would dash at a benighted man,
 And give him two black eyes for striking blind?

Suppose the tender but luxuriant hop
 Around a canker'd stem should twine,
 What Kentish loor would tear away the prop
 So roughly as to wound, nay, kill the vine?
 The images, 'tis true, are strangely dress'd,
 With gauds and toys extremely out of season,
 Like carving nothing of the very best,
 The whole repugnant to the eye & reason,
 Shocking to taste, and to Fine Arts a treason—
 Yet ne'er overlook in bigotry of sect
 One truly *Catholic*, one common form,
 At which unchecked
 All Christian hearts may kindly keep warm.

Say, was it to my spirit's guidance sent,
 One bright and balmy night, when I went
 From Thebes's lovely environs to Oenone,
 It hard by the wayside I found a cypress,
 That made me breathe a prayer upon the spot
 While Nature of herself, as if to trace
 The emblem's use, had trac'd that sacred place
 The blue significant For, get me not!





Methought, the claims of Charity to urge
 More forcibly, along with Faith and Hope,
 The pious choice had pitch'd upon the verge
 Of a delicious slope,
 Giving the eye much variegated scope.
 "Look round," it whisper'd, "on that prospect rare,
 Those vales so verdant, and those hills so blue;
 Enjoy the sunny world, so rich and fair,
 But "— (how the simple legend pierced me thro'!)
 "PREZ POTRUIS MAHURKON."

With sweet kind natures, as in honey'd cells,
 Religion lives, and feels her self at home;
 But only on a formal visit dwells
 Where wasps instead of bees have formed the comb.
 Shun pride, O Rae!—whatever sort beside
 You take in lieu, shun spiritual pride!
 A pride there is of rank—a pride of birth,
 A pride of learning, and a pride of purse,
 A London pride—in short, there be on earth
 A host of prides, some better and some worse;
 But of all prides, since Lucifer's attain,
 The proudest swells a self-elected Saint.

To picture that cold pride so harsh and hard,
 Fancy a peacock in a poultry yard,

Behold him in conceited carol's sail,
 Strutting and dancing, and now planted stout,
 In all his pomp of pageantry, as if
 He felt "the eyes of Europe" on his tail!
 A - for the humble I feel rather shy man,
 He scorns the whole domestic clan --
 He bows, he bristles,
 He wheels, he sidles,
 At last, with stately dodgings in a corner
 He picks a single russet hen, to scorn her
 Full in the blaze of his resplendent tail!
 "Look here," he cries, "to give her a word --"
 "Thou, a feather'd clay -- thou seem'st of birds!"
 Blutes -- the rustling plumeage in her eyes,
 "Look here, thou vile predeceined dinner,
 Dressed to be roasted for a dinner,
 Behold the lovely, variegated dye!"
 There are the rainbow colours of the skies
 That Heaven has shed upon me, -- I am
 A Babel Paradise -- a pretty story
 I am that Sundry Fowl, the pretty chick!
 Look at me, crown of glory!"
 Then, duns, darts, daws, duns, duns, duns, duns,
 And chirps, Partlet, who, going home a chick,
 With her beak, culpably, opens his bill!
 That little simile exactly paints

How sinners are despised by saints,
 By saints! — the Hypocrites that ope heav'n's door
 Obsequious to the sinful man of riches,
 But put the wicked, naked, lareless &ld poor,
 In parish stocks instead of breeches.

The Saints! — the Bores that in public sport,
 Spread phosphorus of zeal on scraps of fiction,
 And go like walking "Lucifers" about
 Mere living bundles of combustion.

The Saints! — the aping Fanatics that talk
 All cant and rant, and rhapsodie, high flown
 That bid you baulk
 A Sunday walk,
 And shun God's work as you should shun your own.

The Saints! — the Formalists, the extra pious,
 Who think the mortal husk can save the soul,
 By trundling with a mere mechanic bias,
 To church, just like a lignum-vitæ bowl!

The Saints! — the Pharisees, whose beadle *swells*
 Beside a stern coercive kirk,
 A piece of human mason-work,

Calling all sermons contrabands,
 In that great Temple that's not made with hands,
 Thrice blessed, rather, is the man, with whom
 The gracious prodigality of nature,
 The calm, the bliss, the beauty, and the bloom,
 The bounteous providence in ev'ry feature,
 Recall the good Creator to his creature,
 Making all earth a fate, all heav'n his dome !
 To *his* tune I spirit the wild heather bells

Ring Sabbath knells ;

The jubilate of the soaring lark

Is chant of clerk ;

For choir, the thrush and the gregarious linnet,

The sod's a cushion for his pious want

And, consecrated by the heav'n within it,

The sky blue pool, a font.

Each cloup capp'd mountain is a holy altar

An organ breathes in every grove

And the fall heart's a Psalter,

Rich in deep hymns of gratitude and love !

Sufficiently by stern necessitarians

Poor Nature, with her face begrimed by dirt

Is stoked, oiled, smok'd, and almost choked ! — at least

Religion have its own Utilitarians,

Label'd with evangelical phylacteries,

To make the road to heav'n a railway trust,
And churches - that's the naked fact - mere fact !

Oh ! simply open wide the Temple door,
And let the solemn, swelling, organ greet,
 With *Voluntaries* meet,
The willing advent of the rich and poor !
And while to God the Lord Hosannas soar,
With rich vibrations from the vocal throng
From quiet shades that to the woods belong,
 And brooks with music of their own,
Voices may come to swell the choral song
With notes of praise they learn'd in musing, lone

How strange it is while on all vital questions,
That occupy the House and public mind,
We always meet with some humane suggestions
Of gentle measures of a healing kind,
Instead of harsh severity and vigour,
The Saint alone his preference retains
 For bills of penalties and pains,
And marks his narrow code with legal rigour !
Why shun, as worthless of affiliation,
What men of all political persuasion
Extol - and even use upon occasion
That Christian principle, Conciliation ?

But possibly the men who make such fuss
 With Sunday pippins and old Trot and him,
 Attach some other meaning to the term,
 As thus :

One market morning, in my usual rambles,
 Passing along Whitechapel's ancient shambles,
 Where meat was hung in many a fount and quarter,
 I had to halt awhile, like other folks,
 To let a killing butcher coax
 A score of lambs and tatted sheep to slaughter.

A sturdy man he look'd to fell an ox,
 Bull fronted, ruddy, with a formal streak
 Of well greased hair down either cheek,
 As if he dee dash decid some other flock,
 Besides those woolly headed stall-born lasses
 That stood before him, in vexatious challenge,
 Poor little lambs, with beating wetters, ~~stomping~~,
 While, now and then, a thirty creature stamp'd
 And meekly snuif'd, but did not taste the pail's

Pierce bark'd the dog, and many a howl was heard
 That bon, and chump, and cheng and chaff'd out
 Yet still, that fatal step they all declined it.

And shunn'd the tainted door as if they smelt
Onions, mint sauce, and lemon juice behind it.
At last there came a pause of brutal force,

The cur was silent, for his jaws were full
Of tangled locks of tarry wool,

The man had whoop'd and holl'd till dead hour's
The time was ripe for mild expostulation,
And thus it stammer'd from a stander by—
“Zounds! my good fellow,—it quite makes me
why,

It really—my dear fellow—do just try
Conciliation!”

Stringing his nerves like flint,
The sturdy butcher seized upon the hint,
At least he scried upon the foremost wether,—
And hugg'd and lugg'd and tugg'd him neck and crop
Just *no less* *no less* thro' the open shop—
If tails come off he didn't care a feather,
Then walking to the door and smiling grim,
He rubb'd his forehead and his sleeve together

“There!—I've *conciliated* him!”

Again—good humouredly to end our quarrel—
“Good humour should prevail!”

I'll fit you with a tale,
Whereto is tied a moral.

Once on a time a certain English Lass
 Was seized with symptoms of such deep distress,
 Cough, hectic flushes, every evil sign,
 That, as the row went that each desperate pass,
 The Doctors gave her over to an ass.
 Accordingly, the kindly Shalott took
 Each morn the patient, put her a frothy bowl
 Of asinine new milk,
 Rubbing a shaggy suckling of a foal
 Which got proportionally spare and skinny—
 Meanwhile the neighbours cried: "Poor Mary
 Ann!
 She can't get over it! she never can!"
 When lo! to prove each prophet was a ninny,
 The one that died was the poor wetnurse Jenny.

To aggravate the case,
 There were but two grown donkeys in the place;
 And most unluckily for Eve's sake's daughter,
 The other long-eared creature was a male,
 Who never in his life had given a pull
 Of milk, or even chalk and water.
 No matter: at the usual hour of exit
 Down trots a donkey to the wicket gate,
 With Mister Snareson Gibbons on its back,
 "Your servant, Miss," a werry spruce, like daffodil

Bad time for hasses tho ! good lack ! good lack !
Jenny be dead, Miss, —but I'ze brought ye Jack,
He doesn't give no milk — but he can bray."

So runs the story,
And, in vain self glory,
Some Saints would sneer at Gubbins for his blindness —
But what the better are their pious saws
To ailing souls, than dry hee haws,
Without the milk of human kindness ?





Ode to the Moon.



OTHER of light ! how fairly dost thou go
Over those hoary crests, divinely led !—
Art thou that huntress of the silver bow,
Fabled of old ? Or rather dost thou tread
Those cloudy summits thence to gaze below,
Like the wild Chamois from her Alpine snow,
Where hunter never climb'd,—secure from dread ?
How many antique fancies have I read
Of that mild presence ! and how many wrought !
 Wondrous and bright,
 Upon the silver light,
Chasing fair figures with the artist, Thought !

What art thou like ?— Sometimes I see thee ride
A far bound galley on its perilous way,
Whilst breezy waves toss up their silvery spray ;
 Sometimes behold thee glide,



Cluster'd by all thy family of stars,
 Like a lone widow, through the welkin wide,
 Whose pallid cheek the midnight sorrow mars;
 Sometimes I watch thee on from steep to steep,
 Timidly lighted by thy vestal torch,
 Till in some Latmian cave I see thee creep,
 To catch the young Endymion asleep,
 Leaving thy splendour at the jagged porch!

Oh, thou art beautiful, howe'er it be!
 Huntress, or Dian, or whatever named;
 And he, the venest Pagan, that first framed
 A silver idol, and ne'er worshipp'd thee!
 It is too late—or thou should'st have my knee
 Too late now for the old Ephesian vows,
 And not divine the crescent on thy brows!
 Yet, call thee nothing but the mere mild Moon.

Behind those chestnut boughs,
 Casting their dappled shadows at my feet;
 I will be grateful for that simple boon,
 In many a thoughtful verse and anthem sweet,
 And bless thy dainty face whene'er we meet.

In nights far gone,—ay, far away and dead, —
 Before Care-fretted, with a lidless eye,—
 I was thy wooer on my little bed.

Letting the early hours of rest go by,
To see thee flood the heaven with milky light,
And feed thy snow white swans, before I slept,
For thou wert then purveyor of my dreams,—
Thou wert the faines' armourer, that kept
Their barnish'd helms, and crowns, and corslets bright,
Their spears, and glittering mails;
And ever thou didst spill in winding streams
Sparkles and midnight gleams,
For fishes to new gloss their argent scales '—

Why sighs?—why creeping tears?—why clasped hands?—
Is it to count the boy's expended dow'r?
That faines since have broke their gifted wands?
That young Delight, like any o'erblown flow'r,
Gave, one by one, its sweet leaves to the ground?—
Why then, fair Moon, for all thou mark'st no hour,
Thou art a sadler dial to old Time
Than ever I have found
On sunny garden-plot, or moss-grown tow'r,
Motto'd with stern and melancholy rhyme.

Why should I grieve for this?—Oh I must yearn
Whilst Time, conspirator with Memory,
Keeps his cold ashes in an ancient urn,
Richly emboss'd with childhood's revelry

With leaves and cluster'd fruits, and flowers eterne,
(Eternal to the world, though not to men,
Aye there will those brave sports and blossoms be,
The deathless wreath, and undecay'd festoon.

When I am hearsed within,
Less than the pallid primrose to the Moon,
That now she watches through a vapour thin.

So let it be : — Before I lived to sigh,
Thou wert in Avon, and a thousand rills,
Beautiful Orb ! and so, where'er I lie
Tradden, thou wilt be gazing from thy hills,
Be it be thy loving light, where'er it spills,
And blessed thy fair face, O mother mild !
Still shine, the soul of rivers as they run,
Still lend thy lonely lamp to lovers fond,
And blend their plighted shadows into one : —
Still smile at even on the bedded child,
And close his eyelids with thy silver wand !





To * * * * *

WITH A FLASK OF RHINE WATER.

THE old Catholic City was still,
In the Minster the vespers were sung,
And, re-echoed in cadences shrill,
The last call of the trumpet had rung ;
While, across the broad stream of the Rhine,
The full Moon cast a silvery zone ;
And methought, as I gazed on its shine,
" Surely that is the Eau de Cologne,"
I inquired not the place of its source,
If it ran to the east or the west ;
But my heart took a note of its course,
That it flow'd towards Her I love best—
That it flow'd towards Her I love best,
Like those wandering thoughts of my own,
And the fancy such sweetness possess'd,
That the Rhine seem'd all Eau de Cologne '





The Two Peacocks of Bedford.

WHAT A LAS! That breathing Vanity should go
Where Pride is buried,—like its very ghost,
Uprisen from the naked bones below,
In novel flesh, clad in the silent boast
Of gaudy silk that flutters to and fro,
Shedding its chilling superstition most
On young and ignorant natures—as it wont
To haunt the peaceful churchyard of Bedford!

Each Sabbath morning, at the hour of prayer,
Behold two maidens, up the quiet green
Shining far distant, in the summer air
That flaunts their dewy robes and breathes between
Their downy plumes,—sailing as if they were
Two far-off ships,—until they brush between
The churchyard's humble walls, and watch and wait
On either side of the wide open'd gate.

And there they stand — with haughty necks before
God's holy house, that points towards the skies
Frowning reluctant duty from the poor,

And tempting homage from unthoughtful eyes :
And Youth looks lingering from the temple door,

Breathing its wishes in unfruitful sighs,
With pouting lips, — forgetful of the grace,
Of health, and smiles, on the heart conscious face —

Because that Wealth, which has no bliss beside,

May wear the happiness of rich attire ;
And those two sisters, in their silly pride,

May change the soul's warm glances for the fire
Of lifeless diamonds ; — and for health deny,

With art, that blushes at itself, inspire
Their languid cheeks — and flourish in a glory
That has no life in life, nor after story.

The aged priest goes shaking, his grey hair

In meekest censuring, and turns his eye
Earthward in grief, and heavenward in prayer,

And sighs, and clasps his hands, and passes by.
Good hearted man ! what sullen soul would wear

Thy sorrow for a garb, and constantly
Put on thy censure, that might win the praise
Of one so grey in goodness and in days ?

Also the solemn clerk partakes the shame
Of this ungodly shine of human pride,
And sadly blends his reverence and blame
In one grave bow, and passes with a stride
Impatient :—many a red-hooded dame
Turns her pain'd head, but not her glance, aside
From wanton dress, and marvels o'er again,
That heaven hath no wet judgments for the vain.

"I have a lily in the bloom at home,"
Quoth one, "and by the blessed Sabbath day
I'll pluck my lily in its pride, and come
And read a lesson up in vain array :—
And when stiff silks are rustling up, and some
Give place, I'll shake it in proud eyes and say
Making my reverence,—‘Ladies, an you please
King Solomon's not half so fine as these.’"

Then her meek partner, who has nearly run
His earthly course,—"Nay, Goody, let your text
Grow in the garden. We have only one—
Who knows that these dim eyes may see the next
Summer will come again, and summer sun,
And lilies too,—but I were sorely vext
To mar my garden, and cut short the blow
Of the last lily I may live to grow."

"The last!" quoth she, "and then 't is the last it will be!"
 Lo! those two wantons, where they start!—
 With waving plumes, and jewels in their hair,
 And painted cheeks, like Danvers to be laid;
 And curtsied to '—last Sabbath after pray'r,
 I heard the little Tomkins ask about
 If they were angels—but I made him know
 God's bright ones better, with a bitter blow!

So speaking, they pursue the pretty walk
 That leads to the white porch the Sunday throng,
 Hand-coupled urchins in restrained talk,
 And anxious pedagogue that chatters wrong,
 And posied churchwarden with a sermon tall,
 And gold-bedizen'd leaden dame—clerk,
 And gentle peasant clad in hat and green,
 Like a meek cowslip in the spring of the year.

And blushing maiden—modestly array'd
 In spotless white,—till conscious of the glare
 And she, the lonely widow, that hath made
 A sad covenant with grief,—alas!
 She veils her tears under the deep purple shade
 While the poor kindly hearted, as they pass,
 Bend to unclouded childhood, and care
 Her boy,—so rosy!—and so fatherless!

Thus, as good Christians ought, they all draw near
 The fair white temple, to the timely call
 Of pleasant bells that tremble in the ear.
 Now the last frock, and scarlet hood, and shawl
 Fade into dusk, in the dun atmosphere
 Of the low porch, and heav'n has won them all,
 Saving those two, that turn aside and pass,
 In velvet blossom, where all flesh is grass.

Ah me ! to see their silken manors traill'd
 In purple luxuries — with restless gold, —
 Flaunting the grass where widowhood has wail'd
 In blotted black, — over the heap, in fold
 Panting wave-wantonly ! — They never quail'd
 How the warm vanity abused the cold ;
 Nor saw the solemn faces of the gone
 Sadly uplooking, through transparent stone :

But swept their dwellings with unquiet light,
 Shocking the awful presence of the dead ;
 Where gracious natures would their eyes be blight'd
 Nor wear their being with a lip too red,
 Nor move too radely in the summer light
 Of sun, but put staid sorrow in their tread,
 Meting it into steps, with inward breath,
 In very pity to bereaved death

Now in the church, time-sober'd minds resign
To solemn pray'r, and the loud chaunted hymn,
With glowing pictureings of joy divine
Painting the mist light where the roof is dim
But youth looks upward to the window shine,
Warming with rose and purple and the swan
Of gold, as if thought-tinted by the stains
Of gorgeous light through many-colour'd panes.

Sailing the virgin snow wherein God hath
Enrobed his angels, and with absent eyes
Hearing of Heav'n, and its directed path,
Thoughtful of suppers, and the glorious skies
Clouding with satin, till the preacher's wrath
Consumes his pity, and he glows, and cries
With a deep voice that trembles in its might,
And earnest eyes grow eloquent in light

" Oh, that the vacant eye would learn to look
On very beauty, and the heart embrace
True loveliness, and from this holy look
Drink the warm breathing tenderness and grace
Of love indeed! — Oh, that the young soul took
Its virgin passion from the glorious face
Of fair religion, and address'd its strife,
To win the riches of eternal life!

“ Dost the vain heart love glory that is naught,
And the poor excellence of vain attire ?
Oh go, and drown your eyes against the sun,
The visible ruler of the starry quire,
Til boiling gold in giddy eddies run,
Dazzling the brain with orbs of living fire,
And the faint soul down darkens into night,
And dies a burning martyrdom to light.

“ Oh go, and gaze,— when the low winds of even
Breathe hymns, and Nature’s many forests nod
Their gold crown’d heads; and the rich blooms of heaven
Sun ripen’d give their blushes up to God,
And mountain rocks and cloudy steeps are riven
By founts of fire, as smitten by the rod
Of heavenly Moses,— that your thirsty sense
May quench its longings of magnificence !

“ Yet suns shall perish —stars shall fade away
Day into darkness — darkness into death —
Death into silence ; the warm light of day,
The blooms of summer, the rich glowing breath
Of even —all shall wither and decay,
Like the frail furniture of dreams beneath
The touch of morn —or bubbles of rich dyes
That break and vanish in the aching eyes.

They hear, soul blushing, and repentant sh—!

Unwholesome thoughts in wholesome tears, and !
Their sin to earth, —and with low drooping head !

Receive the solemn blessing, and implore
Its grace—then soberly with chasten'd tread,

They meekly press towards the gusty door,
With humbled eyes that go to gaze upon
The lowly grass—like him of Babylon.

The lowly grass !—O water-constant mind !

Fast eluding holiness !—soon fading grace
Of serious thought, as if the gushing wind
Through the low porch had wash'd it from the face
For ever !—How they lift their eyes to find

Old vanities !—Pride was the very place
Of meekness, like a bird, and flutters now
With idle wings on the earl conscious brow !

And lo ! with eager looks they seek the way

Of old temptation at the lowly gate ;
To feast on feather*, and on vain array,

And painted cheek, and the rich gl—t—t—t—
Or jewel sprinkled locks. —But where are they

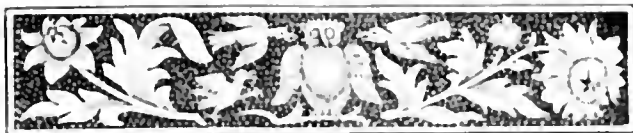
The graceless haughty ones that used to wait
With lifting neck, and nods, and stutted eye ?
None challenge the old home—bending eye.



In vain they look for the ungracious bloom
Of rich apparel where it glow'd before, —
For Vanity has faded all to gloom,
And lofty Pride has stiffen'd to the core,
For impious Life to tremble at its doom,
Set for a warning token evermore,
Whereon, as now, the giddy and the wise
Shall gaze with lifted hands and wond'ring eyes.

The aged priest goes on each Sabbath morn,
But shakes not sorrow under his grey hair;
The solemn clerk goes lavender'd and shorn,
Nor stoops his back to the ungodly pair;
And ancient lips that pucker'd up in scorn,
Go smoothly breathing to the house of pray'r
And in the garden-plot, from day to day,
The lily blooms its long white life away.

And where two haughty maidens used to be,
In pride of plume, where plummy Death had trod,
Trailing their gorgeous velvets wantonly,
Most unmeet pall, over the holy sod; —
There, gentle stranger, thou may'st only see
Two sombre Peacocks.—Age, with sapient nod
Marking the spot, still tarries to declare
How they once lived, and wherefore they are there.



Ode to Melancholy.



OME, let us set our careful breast
Like Philomel, against the thorn,
To aggravate the inward grief,
That makes her accents so forlorn.

The world has many cruel points,
Whereby our bosoms have been torn,
And there are dainty themes of grief
In sadness to outlast the morn,
True honour's dearth, affection's death,
Neglectful pride, and censoring scorn,
With all the piteous tales that tears
Have water'd since the world was born.

The world!—it is a wilderness,
Where tears are hung on every tree,
For thus my gloomy phantasy
Makes all things weak with me!



Come let us sit and watch the sky,
And fancy clouds, where no cloud lies;
Grief is enough to blot the eye,
And make heaven black with misery.

Why should birds sing such merry notes,
Unless they were more blest than we?
No sorrow ever chokes their throats,
Except sweet nightingale; for she
Was born to pain our hearts the more
With her sad melody.

Why shines the Sun, except that he
Makes gloomy nooks for Grief to hide,
And pensive shades for Melancholy,
When all the earth is bright beside?
Let clay wear smiles, and green grass wave,
Mirth shall not win us back again,
Whilst man is made of his own grave,
And fairest clouds but gilded rain.

I saw my mother in her shroud,
Her cheek was cold and very pale;
And ever since I've look'd on all
As creatures doom'd to fail:
Why do buds ope except to die?

Ay, let us watch the roses wither,
And think of our Loves' cheeks ;
And oh ! how quickly time doth fly
To bring death's winter hither '—
Minutes, hours, days, and weeks,
Months, years, and ages, shrink to nought:
An age past is but a thought '—

Ay, let us think of him awhile
That, with a coffin for a boat,
Rows daily o'er the Stygian moat,
And for our table choose a tomb :
There's dark enough in any skull
To charge with black a raven plume ,
And for the saddest funeral thoughts
A winding sheet hath ample room,
Where Death, with his keen pointed style,
Hath writ the common doom.
How wide the yew tree spreads its gloom,
And o'er the dead lets fall its dew,
As if in tears it wept for them,
The many human families
That sleep around its stem '—

How cold the dead have made these stones,
With natural drops kept ever wet '—

Lo ! here the best—the worst—the world
Doth now remember or forget,
Are in one common ruin hurl'd,
And love and hate are calmly met,
The loveliest eyes that ever shone,
The fairest hands, and locks of jet,
Is't not enough to vex our souls,
And fill our eyes, that we have set
Our love upon a rose's leaf,
Our hearts upon a violet ?
Blue eyes, red cheeks, are fairer yet,
And sometimes at their swift decay
Beforehand we must fret,
The roses bud and bloom again ;
But Love may haunt the grave of Love,
And watch the mould in vain.

O clasp me, sweet, whilst thou art mine,
And do not take my tears amiss ;
For tears must flow to wash away
A thought that shows so stern as this :
Forgive, if sometime I forget,
In woe to come, the present bliss ;
As frighted Proserpine let fall
Her flowers at the sight of Dis—
Ev'n so the dark and bright will kiss—

The summer tainings throw sternest storms,
And there is ev'n a happiness
That makes the heart afraid.

Now let us with a spell involve
The full-orb'd moon to grieve our eyes,
Not bright, not bright, but, with a cloud
Lapp'd all about her, let her rise
All pale and dum, as if from rest
The ghost of the late lured sun
Had crept into the skies.
The Moon! she is the source of sighs,
The very face to make us sad;
It hurt to think in other times
The same calm quiet look she had,
As if the world held nothing base,
Of vile and mean, of nerve and hate,
The same fair light that shone in dreams,
The fairy lamp that charmed the tale,
For so it is, with spent delights
She taunts men's brains, and makes them mad.

All things are touch'd with Melancholy,
Born of the secret soul's mistrust,
To feel her fair ethereal wings
Weigh'd down with vile degraded dust.

Even the bright extremes of joy
 Bring on conclusions of dejection,
 Like the sweet blossoms of the May,
 Whose fragrance ends in must.
 O give her, then, her tribute just,
 Her sighs and tears, and musings holy
 There is no music in the life
 That sounds with idiot laughter so
 There's not a string attuned to merriment,
 But has its chord in Melancholy.





The Compass, with Variations.



NE close of day—'twas in the bay
Of Naples, bay of glory !
While light was hanging crowns of gold
On mountains high and hoary,
A gallant bark got under weigh,
And with her sails my story.

For Leghorn she was bound direct,
With wine and oil for cargo,
Her crew of men some nine or ten,
The captain's name was Iago ;
A good and gallant bark she was,
La Donna (called) del Lago.

Bronzed mariners were hers to view,
With brown cheeks, clear or muddy,
Dark, shining eyes, and coal black hair,
Meet heads for painter's study ;



But 'midst their tan there stood one man,
Whose cheek was fair and ruddy ;

His brow was high, a loftier brow
Ne'er shone in song or sonnet,
His hair a little scant, and when
He doffed his cap or bonnet,
One saw that Grey had gone beyond
A premiership upon it !

His eye—a passenger was he,
The cabin he had hired it,—
His eye was grey, and when he look'd
Around the prospect fired it —
A fine poetic light, as if
The Apple Nine inspired it.

His frame was stout, in height about
Six feet—well made and portly ;
Of dress and manner just to give
A sketch, but very shortly,
His order seemed a composite
Of rustic with the courtly.

He ate and quaff'd and joked and laughed,
And chatted with the seamen.

And often task'd their skill and aid
"What weather is't to be, man?"
No demonstration there appeared
That he was any demon.

No sort of sign there was that he
Could raise a stormy rampage,
Like Prospero make breezes blow,
And rocks and billows thump up,
But little we supposed what he
Could with the needle compass!

So in came a storm—the sea at first
Seem'd lying almost fallow—
When lo! full crash, with billowy dash,
From clouds of black and yellow,
Came such a gale, as blow'd but once
A century, like the deluge!

Our stomachs we had just prepared
To vest a small amount in;
When, gush! a flood of fire came down,
The skylight—quite a fountain,
And right on end the table rear'd,
Just like the Table Mountain.

Down rush'd the soup, down gush'd the wine,
Each roll, its role repeating,
Roll'd down — the round of beef declar'd
For parting— not for meating !
Off flew the fowls, and all the game
Was " too far gone for eating ! "

Down knife and fork—down went the pork,
The lamb too broke its tether ;
Down mustard went — each condiment —
Salt—pepper—all together !
Down everything, like craft that seek
The Downs in stormy weather.

Down plunged the Lady of the Lake,
Her timbers seemed to sever ;
Down, down, a dreary derry down,
Such lurch she had gone never ;
She almost seemed about to take
A bed of down for ever !

Down dropt the captain's nether jaw,
Thus robb'd of all its uses,
He thought he saw the Evil One
Beside Vesuvian sluices,

Placed it at dinner-table and seat
And but with eyes could follow it.

Down fell the steward on his face
To all the Saints commend it,
As he did to the Virgin vow'd
As he did against his enemies.
Down fell the mate, he thought his father,
Check-mate, was close impending.

Down fell the cook, the cabin-boy
Their heads with fervour telling,
While alps of serge, with snowy verge,
Above the yards came yelling,
Down fell the crew, and on their knees
Shudd'ring at each white swelling!

Down sank the sun of bloody hue,
His crimson light a cleaver
To each red rover of a wave
To eye of fancy weaver
Neptune, the God, seem'd tossing in
A raging scarlet fever!

Sore, sore afraid, each papist pray'd
To Saint and Virgin Mary;

But one there was that stood composed
Amid the waves' vagary ;
As staunch as rock, a true game cock
'Mid chicks of Mother Cary :

His ruddy cheek retain'd its streak,
No danger seem'd to shrink him :
His step still bold, of mortal mould,
The crew could hardly think him :
The Lady of the Lake, he seem'd
To know, could never sink him.

Relax'd at last the furious gale
Quite out of breath with racing ;
The boiling flood in milder mood,
With gentler billows chasing ;
From stem to stern, with frequent turn,
The Stranger took to pacing.

And as he walk'd to self he talked,
Some ancient ditty thrumming,
In under tone, as not alone —
Now whistling, and now humming —
" You're welcome, Charlie," " Cowdenknowes "
" Kenmure," or " Campbells' Coming."

Down went the wind, down went the wave,
Fear quitted the most timid;
The Saints, I wot, were soon forgot,
And Hope was at the pinnacle:
When rose on high, a frightful cry –
“The Devil’s in the binnacle!”

“The Saints be near,” the helmsman cried,
His voice with quite a falter –
“Steady’s my helm, but every look
The needle seems to alter:
God only knows where China lies,
Jamaica, or Gibraltar!”

The captain stared aghast at mate,
The pilot at th’ apprentice,
No fancy of the German Sea
Of Fiction the event is:
But when they at the compass look’d
It seem’d non compass mentis

Now north, now south, now east, now west,
The wavering point was shaken,
’Twas past the whole philosophy
Of Newton, or of Bacon,

Never by compass, till that hour
Such latitudes were taken !

With fearful speech, each after each
Took turns in the inspection ;
They found no gun — no iron — none
To vary its direction ;
It seem'd a new magnetic case
Of Poles in insurrection !

Farewell to wives, farewell their lives,
And all their household riches ;
Oh ! while they thought of girl or boy,
And dear domestic niches,
All down the side which holds the heart,
That needle gave them stitches,

With deep amaze, the Stranger gaz'd
To see them so white-liver'd
And walk'd abaft the binnacle,
To know at what they shiver'd ;
But when he stood beside the card,
St. Josef ! how it quiver'd !

No fancy-motion, brain-begot,
In eye of timid dreamer —

The nervous finger of a set
Ne'er show'd a plainer tremor;
To every brain it seem'd too plain,
There stood th' Infernal Schemer!

Mix'd brown and blue each visage grew,
Just like a pullet's gizzard;
Meanwhile the captain's wandering wit,
From tacking like an lizard,
Bore down in this plain course at last,
"It's Michael Scott—the Wizard!"

A smile past o'er the ruddy face,
"To see the poles so falter
I'm puzzled, friends, as much as you,
For with no friends I palter!"
Michael I'm not—alike with a Scott—
My christian name is Walter."

Like oil it fell, that name, a spell
On all the fearful faction;
The Captain's head!—in his old reach
Contend'd the Needle's action,
And how'd the Heave in, when the North
Hav'd led its men attraction.



Stanzas to Tom Woodgate, OF HASTINGS.

TOM ; are you still within this land
Of livers—still on Hastings' sand,
Or roaming on the waves ?
Or has some billow o'er you rolled
Jealous that earth should lap so bold
A seaman in her graves ?

On land the rushlight lyes of men
Go out but slowly ; nine in ten,
By tedious long decline—
Not so the jolly sailor sinks,
Who founders in the wave, and drinks
The apoplectic brine !

Ay, while I write, mayhap your head
Is sleeping on an oyster bed—
I hope 'tis far from truth !—

With periwinkle eyes — your hair
Beset with mussels, not your beard,
And corals at your mouth?

Still does the chance pursue the chance
The main affords, the Aidant dance
In safety on the tide?
Still flies that sign of my good will
A little *beating* thing—but still
To thee a flag of pride?

Does that hard, honest hand now clasp
The tiller in its careful grasp—
With every summer breeze
When ladies sail, in lady fear
Or, tug the oar, a gondolier
On smooth Macadam sea?

Or are you where the flounders sleep,
Some dozen briny fathoms deep,
Where sard and shell and squid
With some old Tattler come to roost,
And twelve grave northern stars are set,
To find that you are still so set?

Swift is the wave and apt to bring ;
A sudden doom—perchance I sing
 A mere funereal strain ;
You have endured the utter strife -
And are — the same in death or life -
 A good man ' in the main ' !

Oh, no—I hope the old brown eye
Still watches ebb, and flood, and sky ;
 That still the brown old shoes
Are sucking brine up— pumps indeed !
Your tooth still full o' ocean weed,
 Or Indian — which you choose.

I like you, Tom ! and in these lays
Give honest worth its honest praise,
 No puff at honour's cost ;
For though you met these words of mine,
All letter-learning was a line
 You, somehow, never cross'd !

Mayhap we ne'er shall meet again,
Except on that pacific main,
 Beyond this planet's brink ;

Yet, as we erst have travel'd the weat,
Still may we flit at awhirl together,
A cymble on this ink !

Many a scolding tale we've had
To other, and my gallant lad,
Some perils we have pass'd
When huge and black the wave career'd,
And oft the giant surge appear'd
The master of our mast ;

'Twas thy example taught me how
To climb the lullow-chary brow,
Or cleave the raging heap
To land and idling the ocean wild,
With danger only as a child
The waters rock'd to sleep.

Oh, who can tell that brave delight,
To see the hissing wave in night
Come rampant like a snake !
To leap his horrid crest, and trust
One's eyes up on the bristly crest,
Lest couchant in the wake !



The simple shepherd's love is still
To bask upon a sunny hill,
The herdsman roams the vale
With both their fancies I agree;
Be mine the swelling, reeking sea,
That is both hill and dale!

I yearn for that brisk spray—I yearn
To feel the wave from stem to stern
Uplift the plunging keel,
That merry step we used to dance
On board the *Aidant* or the *Chance*,
The ocean "toe and heel."

I long to feel the steady gale
That fills the broad distended sail—
The seas on either hand!
My thought, like any hollow shell,
Keeps mocking at my ear the swell
Of waves against the land.

It is no fable—that old strain
Of syrens!—so the witching main
Is singing—and I sigh!

My heart is all at once incline !
 I seaward—and I seem to find
 The waters in my eye !

Methods I see the shining beach ;
 The merry waves, each after each,
 Rebounding o'er the flints ;
 I spy the grim preventive spy !
 The jolly boatman standing nigh !
 The maids in morning chintz !

And there they float—the sailing craft !
 The sail is up—the wind aloft—
 The ballast trim and neat.
 Alas ! 'tis all a dream—a lie !
 A printer's imp is standing by,
 To haul my mizen sheet !

My tiller dwindles to a pen—
 My craft is that of bookish men—
 My sail—let Longman tell !
 Adieu, the wave, the wind, the spray !
 Men—maidens—chintzes—fade away !
 Tom Woodgate, fare thee well !



The Key.

A MOORISH ROMANCE.



THE Moor leans on his cushion,
With the pipe between his lips ;
And still at frequent intervals
The sweet sherbet he sips ;
But, spite of lulling vapour
And the sober cooling cup,
The spirit of the swarthy Moor
Is fiercely kindling up !

One hand is on his pistol,
On its ornamented stock,
While his finger feels the trigger
And is busy with the lock—
The other seeks his ataghan,
And clasps its jewell'd hilt—
Oh ! much of gore in days of yore
That crooked blade has spilt !

His brows are knit, his eyes of fire
In vivid blackness roll,
And gleam with fatal flashes
Like the fire damp of the coal;
His jaws are set, and through his teeth
He draws a savage breath,
As if about to raise the shout
Of Victory or Death!

For why? the last Zerbeek that came
And mor'd within the Mole,
Such tidings unto Tunis brought
As stir his very soul—
The cruel jar of civil war,
The sad and stormy reign,
That blackens like a thunder cloud
The sunny land of Spain!

No strife of knights' Chivalry,
For honour's vain or less,
Nor yet that ancient rivalry,
The Crescent with the Cross,
No charge of gallant Paladins
On Moslems stern and daring;
But Christians and Moslems, Christian Mole,
Beneath the olive's branch!



A war of horrid parricide,
And brother killing brother ;
Yea, like to " dogs and sons of dogs " —
That worry one another,
But let them bite and tear and fight,
The more the Kaffers slay,
The sooner Hagar's swarming sons
Shall make the land a prey !

The sooner shall the Moor behold
Th' Alhambra's pile again ;
And those who pined in Barbary
Shall shout for joy in Spain—
The sooner shall the Crescent wave
On dear Granada's walls ;
And proud Mohammed Ali sit
Within his father's halls !

" Alla-il alla ! " tiger-like
Up springs the swarthy Moor,
And, with a wide and hasty stride,
Steps o'er the marble floor ;
Across the hall, till from the wall,
Where such quaint patterns be,
With eager hand he snatches down
An old and massive Key !

A massive Key of iron its shape
And dark with dirt and rust,
And well three weary centuries
The metal might encrust !
For since the King Boabdil fell
Before the native stock,
That ancient Key, so quaint to see,
Hath never been in lock.

Brought over by the Saracens
Who fled across the main,
A token of the secret hope,
Of going back again ;
From race to race, from hand to hand',
From house to house it pass'd ;
O will it ever, ever open
The Palace gate at last ?

Three hundred years and fifty two
On post and wall it hang ;
Three hundred years and fifty two
A dream to old and young ;
But now a brighter destiny
The Prophet's will accords :
The time is come to scour the rust,
And lubricate the wards.

For should the Moor with sword and lance
At Aljemas land,
Where is the bold Bernardo now
Their progress to withstand ?
To Burgos should the Moslem come,
Where is the noble Cid
Five royal crowns to topple down
As gallant Diaz did ?

Hath Xeres any Pounder now,
When other weapons fail,
With club to thrash invaders rash,
Like barley with a flail ?
Hath Seville any Perez still,
To lay his clusters low,
And ride with seven turbans green
Around his saddle-bow ?

No ! never more shall Europe see
Such Heroes brave and bold
Such Valour, Faith, and Loyalty,
As used to shine of old !
No longer to one battle cry
United Spaniards run,
And with their thronging spears uphold
The Virgin and her Son !

From Cui's *Diary* (1991: 1)
 Interiors of the old boats
 And Bateau-Lavoirs the seat
 Of Squalidish art and life.
 The fleets decline, the masts to poles
 For want of foreign trade
 And gold is scanty and the air
 Is cold and strict like Charles's.

The liberty, and Valor, and
Obedience, and constancy,
But to a city, and that is this,
Upheld by thee, in league,
While factious, feeling, private ends
By thee usurp'd, reign
Well may the dictonary, chronic, Moral
Lending, point to Spain!

Well may he cleanse the rusty Key,
With Amie sand and oil,
And hope an Arla's ranch home
Shall recompense the toil.
Well may he sweat the Moorish soil,
Till his high Castle shall sweep,
And where the Catalonian wed,
The Saracen shall reap.

Well may he vow to spurn the Cross,
Beneath the Arab hoof,
And plant the Crescent yet again
Above th' Alhambra's roof
When those from whom St. James' nation
In chorus once arose,
Are shouting Faction's battle cries,
And Spain forgets to "Close!"

Well may he swear his ataghan
Shall rout the traitor swarm,
And carve them into Arabesques
That show no human form
The blame be theirs whose bloody feet
Invite the savage Moor,
And tempt him with the ancient Key
To seek the ancient door!





To — —.

COMPOSED AT ROTTERDAM.



TAKE GAZE upon a city,—
A city new and strange,
Down many a watery vista
My fancy takes a range.
From side to side I saunter,
And wonder where I am;
And can *You* be in England,
And *I* at Rotterdam!

Before me lie dark waters
In broad canals and deep,
Whereon the silver moonbeams
Sleep, restless in their sleep;
A sort of vulgar Venice
Reminds me where I am;
Yes, yes, you are in England,
And I'm at Rotterdam.



Tall houses, with quaint chimneys,
Where frequent windows shine,
And quays that lead to bridges,
And trees in formal line,
And masts of spicy vessels,
From western Sumnam,
All tell me you're in England,
But I'm in Rotterdam.

Those sailors, how outlandish!
The face and form of each!
They deal in foreign gesture,
And use a foreign speech;
A tongue not learn'd near Isis,
Or studied by the Cam,
Declares that you're in England,
And I'm at Rotterdam.

And now across a market
My doubtful way I trace,
Where stands a solemn statue,
The Genius of the place;
And to the great Erasmus
I offer my salaam;
Who tells me you're in England,
But I'm at Rotterdam.

The coffee room is open
 I mingle in its crowd,
 The dominos are noisy
 The hookahs raise a cloud.
 The flavour, none of Fear—
 That mingles with my dram,
 Reminds me you're in England
 And I'm at Rotterdam.

Then here it goes, a bumper
 The toast it shall be mine,
 In Schiedam, or in sherry,
 Tokay, or hock of Rhine.
 It well deserves the brightest,
 Where sunbeam ever swam
 "The Girl I love in England
 I drink at Rotterdam."









The Knight and the Dragon.



IN the famous old times,
(Famed for chivalrous crimes)
As the legends of Rhineland deliver,
Once there flourished a Knight,
Who Sir Otto was hight,
On the banks of the rapid green river !

On the Drachenfels' crest
He had built a stone nest,
From which he pounced down like a vulture,
And with talons of steel
Out of every man's meal
Took a very extortionate multure.

Yet he lived in good fame,
With a nobleman's name,
As " Your High and-well-born " address'd daily—

Though Judge Park in his way
Would have deem'd him a prig,
Or a cracksmán, if tried at th' Old Bailey;

It is strange—very strange!
How opinions will change!
How antiquity blazons and hallows
Both the man, and the crime,
That a less lapse of time
Would commend to the hulks or the gallows!

Thus enthrall'd by Romance,
In a mystified trance,
E'en a young, mild, and merciful woman
Will recal with delight
The wild keep, and its Knight,
Who was quite as much tiger as human!

Now it chanced on a day,
In the sweet month of May,
From his casement Sir Otto was gazing;
With his sword in the sheath,
At that prospect beneath,
Which our tourists declare so amazing!



Yes—he gazed on the Rhine,
And its banks, so divine ;
Yet with no admiration or wonder,
But the *gout* of a thief,
As a more modern chief
Looked on London, and cried “ What a plunder ! ”

From that river so fast,
From that champaign so vast,
He collected rare tribute and presents ;
Water-rates from ships' loads,
Highway-rates on the roads,
And hard poor-rates from all the poor peasants !

When behold ! round the base
Of his strong dwelling-place,
Only gained by most toilsome progression,
He perceived a full score
Of the rustics, or more,
Winding up in a sort of procession !

“ Keep them out ! ” the Knight cried,
To the warders outside—
But the hound at his feet gave a grumble !

And in scramble'd the knaves,
Like feudality's slaves,
With all forms that are servile and humble.

"Now for his rich complaints!"
Grant me patience, ye Saints!"
Cried the Knight, turning red as a mullet;
When the baldest old man
Thus his story began,
With a guttural croak in his gullet!

"Lord supreme of our lives,
Of our daughters, our wives,
Our she-cousins, our sons, and their spouses,
Of our sisters and aunts,
Of the babes God grants
Of the handmaids that dwell in our houses!"

"Mighty master of all
We possess, great or small,
Of our cattle, our sows, and their farrow,
Of our mares and their colts,
Of our crabs, and our hots,
Of our plovers, of our wares, and our arrows!"

" Noble Lord of the soil,
Of its corn and its oil,
Of its wine, only fit for such gentles !
Of our cream and our kraut,
Of our carp and our trout,
Our black bread, and black pudding : — all Thine !

" Sovran Lord of our cheese,
And whatever you please
Of our bacon, our eggs, and our butter,
Of our backs and our polly,
Of our bodies and souls : —
O give ear to the woes that we utter !

" We are truly perplex'd,
We are frighted and vex'd,
Till the strings of our hearts are all twisted
We are ruin'd and curst
By the fiercest and worst
Of all robbers that ever existed ! "

" Now by Heav'n and this light ! "
In a rage cried the Knight,
" For this speech all your bodies shall stiffen ! "

What! be Peasants his carle?

Quoth he, no, that was I.

"Nay, your Honour we mean, but a Griffin.

"For our herds and our flocks

He lays wait in the rocks,

And jumps forth without giving us warning,

Two good wethers, right fat,

And four lambs, a few goat,

Dad he swallow this very May morning."

Then the Highland well to do

Gave a laugh as he said so,

"If the Griffin indeed be a monster,

Let him eat up the rest,

And the land be at rest.

If I hate any nest, it is nest of."

"Nay, your Worship, said then

The most gallant of men,

"For a sheep we would hardly thus call,

If the monster be fat.

Do not oft time feast

On the Pillars and people that travel

"Feast on what," cried the Knight,
Whilst his eye glinted bright
With the most dialectical flourish
"Does the Beast dare to prey
On the road and highway?
With our proper diversion that clashe

"Yea, 'tis so, and far worse,"
Said the Clown, "to our curse;
For by way of a snack or a tiffin,
Every week in the year
Sure as Sundays appear,
A young virgin is thrown to the Groom

"Ha! Saint Peter! Saint Mark!"
Roar'd the Knight, frowning dark,
With an oath that was awful and bitter
"A young maid to his dish!
Why, what more could he wish,
If the Beast were High born, and a Peer

"Now, by this our good brand,
And by this our right hand,
By the badge that is borne on our banners,

If we can but once meet
 With the monster's retreat,
 We will teach him to preach on our road.

Quite content with this view,
 With a scrape and a blow,
 The glad peasants went home to their flagons,
 Where they tumbled so deep,
 That each clown in his sleep
 Dreamt of killing a legion of dragons.

Thus engaged, the bold Knight
 Soon prepared for the fight
 With the wily and ready monarch;
 But ere battle began,
 Like a good Christian monarch,
 First he put all his horsemen in a row.

"Double file! Hand and hand!
 Let each gate have a guard,
 (That his running foot may not fail)
 "And be sure, without fail,
 No one enters the vault
 Where the Church's gold reposes!"

" In the dark oubliette
Let yon merchant forget
That he e'er had a bark richly laden –
And that desperate youth,
Our own rival for oath !
Just indulge with a kiss of the Maiden !

" Crush the thumbs of the Jew
With the vice and the screw,
Till he tells where he buried his treasure ;
And deliver our word
To yon sullen caged lord,
That to night she must sing for our pleasure !"

Thereupon, *il se jette*
As a champion should be,
With the ba'd headed peasant to guide him,
On his war-horse he bounds,
And then, whistling his hounds,
Prances off to what fate may betide him ;

Nor too long do they seek,
Ere a horrible reek,
Like the fumes from some villanous tavern,

Set the dogs on the snuff,
For they scent well enough
The foul monster codd up in his cavern!

Then alighting, with speed
From his terrined steed,
Which he ties to a tree for the present,
With his sword ready drawn,
Slides the Ritter Highborn,
And along with him drags the scared peasant!

"O Sir Knight, good Sir Knight!
I am near enough quite —
I have shown you the beast and his grating
But before he can reach
Any farther in speech,
He is stricken stone dead by Sir Out!"

Who withdrawing himself
To a high rocky shelf,
Sees the monster his tale disentangle
From each tortuous coil,
With a sudden turmoil,
And rush forth the dead peasant to mangle.

With his terrible claws,
And his horrible jaws,
He soon moulds the warm corse to a jelly !
Which he quickly sucks in
To his own wicked skin
And then sinks at full stretch on his belly.

Then the Knight softly goes
On the tips of his toes
To the greedy and slumbering savage,
And with one hearty stroke
Of his sword, and a poke,
Kills the beast that had made such a ravage.

So, extended at length,
Without motion or strength,
That gorged serpent they call the constrictor,
After dinner, while deep
In lethargical sleep,
Falls a prey to his Hottentot victor.

" 'Twas too easy by half ! "
Said the Knight with a laugh ;
" But as nobody witness'd the slaughter,

I will wear, knock and knock,
By Saint Wulfric's clock,
We were at it three hours and a quarter."

Then he chopped off the head
Of the monster so dread,
Which he tied to his horse as a trophy ;
And, with hounds, by the same
Rugged path that he came,
Home he jogg'd proud as Sultan or Sophy."

Blessed Saints ! what a rout
When the news flew about,
And the carcase was fetch'd in a waggon :
What an outcry rose wild
From man, woman, and child—
" Live Sir Otto, who vanquish'd the Dragon !

All that night the thick walls
Of the Knight's feudal halls
Rang with shouts for the wine cup and flagon
Whilst the vassals stood by,
And repeated the cry—
" Live Sir Otto, who vanquish'd the Dragon !"

The next night and the next,
Still the fight was the text,
'Twas a theme for the minstrels to brag on,
And the vassals' hoarse throats
Still re-echoed the notes —
“ Live Sir Otto, who vanquish'd the Dragon ! ”

There was never such work
Since the days of King Stork,
When he lived with the Frogs at free quarters,
Not to name the invites
That were sent down of nights,
To the villagers' wives and their daughters !

It was feast upon feast,
For good cheer never ceased,
And a foray replenish'd the flagon ;
And the vassals stood by,
But more weak was the cry —
“ Live Sir Otto, who vanquish'd the Dragon ! ”

Down again sank the sun,
Nor were revels yet done
But as if ev'ry mouth had a gag on,

Though the vassals stood round,
Deceit a word or a sound
Of " Sir Otto, who vanquish'd the Dragon ! "

There was feasting aloft,
But through pillage so oft
Down below there was wailing and hunger ;
And affection ran cold,
And the food of the old,
It was wolfishly snatched by the younger !

Mad with troubles so vast,
Where's the wonder at last
If the peasants quite alter'd their motto ?
And with one loud accord
Cried out " Would to the Lord,
That the Dragon had vanquish'd Sir Otto ! "





I Remember, I Remember.



REMEMBER, I remember,
The house where I was born,
The little window where the sun
Came peeping in at morn.

He never came a wink too soon,
Nor brought too long a day,
But now, I often wish the night
Had borne my breath away!

I remember, I remember,
The roses, red and white,
The violets, and the lily cups,
Those flowers made of light!
The lilacs where the robin built,
And where my brother set
The laburnum on his birth-day, —
The tree is living yet!

I remember, I remember,
Where I was used to swing,
And thought the air must rush about
To swallows on the wing ;
My spirit flew in feathers then,
That is so heavy now,
And summer pools could hardly cool
The fever on my brow !

I remember, I remember
The fir trees dark and high ;
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky :
It was a childish ignorance,
But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm farther off from Heaven
Than when I was a boy.







Poem.

FROM THE POLISH.



FROM seventy-two North latitude,
Dear Kitty, I indite ;
But first I'd have you understand
How hard it is to write.

Of thoughts that breathe and words that burn,
My Kitty, do not think,—
Before I wrote these very lines,
I had to melt my ink.

Of mutual flames and lover's warmth,
You must not be too nice ;
The sheet that I am writing on
Was once a sheet of ice !

The Polar cold is sharp enough
To freeze with icy glass
The genial current of the soul,
Even in a "Man of Ross."

Pope says that letters wait a sigh
From Inlus to the Pole;
But here I really wish the post
Would only "post the coil."

So chilly is the Northern blast,
It blows me through and through
A tin of Wallend in a note
Would be a billet doux!

In such a frigid latitude
It scarce can be a sin,
Should passion cool a little, where
A Fury was need in.

I'm rather tired of en Pe's snow,
And long for en a's again;
And would give up a Sea of Ice
For some of Lundin's Mar-

I'm sick of dazzling ice and snow,
The sun itself I hate ;
So very bright, so very cold,
Just like a summer grate.

For opodeldoc I would kneel,
My chilblains to anoint ;
O Kate, the needle of the North
Has got a freezing point.

Our food *is* solids,—ere we put
Our meat into our crops,
We take sledge hammers to our steaks
And hatchets to our chops.

So very bitter is the blast,
So cutting is the air,
I never have been warm but once,
When hugging with a bear.

One thing I know you'll like to hear,
Th' effect of Polar snows,
I've left off snuff—one pinching day—
From leaving off my nose.

I have no ear for music now ;
My ears both left together ;
And as for dancing, I have cut
My toes—it's cutting weather.

I've said that you should have my hair ;
Some happy day to come ;
But, Kate, you only now can wed
A finger and a thumb.

Don't fear that any Esquimaux
Can wean me from my own ;
The Girdle of the Queen of Love
Is not the Frozen Zone.

At wives with large estates of snow
My fancy does not bite ;
I like to see a Bride—but not
In such a deal of white.

Give me for home a house of brick,
The Kate I love at Kew !
A hand unhopped—a merry eye ,
And not a nose, of blue.

1840
1841
1842



To think upon the Bridge of Kew,
 To me a bridge of sighs ;
 Oh, Kate, a pair of icicles
 Are standing in my eyes !

God knows if I shall e'er return,
 In comfort to be lull'd !
 But if I do get back to port,
 Pray let me have it mull'd !





Address.



USH ! not a sound ! no whisper ! no demur !
No restless motion—no intrusive stir !
But with staid presence and a quiet breath,
One solemn moment dedicate to Death !

For now no fancied miseries bespeak
The panting bosom, and the wetted cheek ;
No fabled Tempest, or dramatic wreck,
No Royal Sire wash'd from the mimic deck,
And dirged by Sea Nymphs to his briny grave !
Alas ! deep, deep beneath the sullen wave,
His heart, once warm and throbbing as your own,
Now cold and senseless as the shingle stone ;
His lips, so eloquent, choked up with sand,
The bright eye glazed,— and the impressive hand,
Idly entangled with the ocean weed —
Full fathom five, a FATHER lies indeed !



Yes! where the foaming billows rave the while
Around the rocky Ferns and Holy Isle,
Deaf to their roar, as to the dear applause
That greets deserving in the Drama's cause,
Blind to the horrors that appal the bold,
To all he hoped, or feared, or loved, of old—
To love—and love's deep agony, a cold;
He, who could move the passions, moved by none,
Drifts an unconscious corse.—Poor ELTON's race is run!

Weep for the dead! Yet do not merely weep
For him who slumbers in the oozy deep:
Mourn for the dead!—yet not alone for him
O'er whom the cormorant and gannet swim;
But, like Grace Darling in her little boat,
Stretch out a saving hand to those that float
The orphan Seven—so prematurely hurl'd
Upon the billows of this stormy world,
And struggling—save your pity take their part—
With breakers huge enough to break the heart!



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